

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, APRIL 1864. Leonard Scott & Co.

Dr. Jurine, attended her in her last illness, and through their correspondence we learn some traits of her character in sickness and in death.

"Her physical forces decreasing, she seemed being led gradually, but her intellect was never clouded even for a moment. On the contrary, she was never more eloquent than during her illness, and she never slept or would allow herself to sleep, lest she should be hindered by thought. Her eyes were closed, but her eyesight was clear. Her eyes were closed, but her eyesight was clear. The evening before her death, she gave some orders about his medicines being taken to him and a little later said to M. Besson, "I have told the servants to light a fire in your room, the evening is very cold." Alas! it was the chill of death beginning to creep over her, for the evening of July 7th was very warm. She added, "I am going to Naples this winter—now good-night." On the following morning she died, quietly and without pain."

"The History of Highways" is the subject of an interesting paper, showing the progress of "the inventions, which, according to Lord Macaulay, have, with the exception of the alphabet and the printing press, done the most for the civilization of our species." In an article on "The Basque Country" are given several curious specimens of the poetry of the remarkable people whose traditions dwell on struggles between Kings of Navarre and Caliphs of the West. The "Biography of Bonstetten," the genial Swiss octogenarian, abounds in agreeable details concerning the personal character of a writer who was once celebrated for his brilliant position both in the world of letters and in society. "He was born in 1746, and surviving to the great age of eighty-six, he belonged to the life of two centuries; he witnessed, and he also took a part in the most complete revolution in manners, politics, education, literature, and art that was ever effected in any age of the world. His boyish visits were to Ferney, then the residence of Voltaire; his first enthusiasm was for the theories of Rousseau, and he wist not as he read, that in his time order was to be broken up into chaos, and chaos was again to settle down into order. Gibbon was the historian, Gray the classical poet, of his youth; but his last hours were occupied by Victor Hugo's impassioned pages, and he was led by Lamartine to linger in thought by the tideless margin of the gulf of Baiae. He sat in Madame de Staél's rooms while the Encyclopédistes were still in the zenith of their fame; and down to the period of her marriage, he enjoyed that exquisite friendship of Madame de Staél which afterwards attracted around it all that was most brilliant, wise, and refined in the modern life of Paris. It is curious to run one's eye over a list of Bonstetten's contemporaries. In his holiday rambles in the woods of Yverdon, he met a strange man with such fiery eyes as were never seen in Yverdon; that restless stranger was Jean-Jacques Rousseau. At a party at Mme. de Staél's he was introduced, when still a lad, to her demoiselle de compagnie, Mademoiselle Curchod: M. Necker, having been refused by the mistress of the house, afterwards married that humbler companion who had already inspired the only love of Edward Gibbon's life; and to Bonstetten Madame Necker proved a constant friend, as she was also the cause of his hereditary friendship with her daughter Madame de Staél. At Geneva, Montou and Abauzit received him into their houses, and Bonnet strove hard to be at once his guide, philosopher, and friend. There were Matthiessen, Müller, Diderot, d'Alembert, Gray, and Wieland, with Mmes. Goethe, Bondell, and Frederica Brin—all ties made in England, Heidelberg, or Paris, before the outbreak of the French Revolution. Later there were the two Schlegels, Humboldt, Rumford, Pestalozzi, Hübler, Jurine, Pictet du Rochemont, Benjamin Constant, Sismondi, Portalis, Zeschekke, and Lacoste: there were foreign poets, Byron, Hobhouse, and Ohlenschläger; learned ladies like Mmes. Krißner and Necker de Saussure; authors like Tieck, Werner, and Chamisso; artists like Dannecker and Overbeck. These are some of the shadows which pass across the magic lantern of his varied and amusing existence. He lived for society, and probably no man ever enjoyed a wider range of it." The relations of M. Bonstetten with Madame de Staél present an attractive picture. "We have seen of how long standing was the friendship of M. de Bonstetten with M. and Mme. Necker. After the fall of the monarchy, Louis XVI's minister established himself in his old home at Coppet, and found in the rising reputation of his daughter some counterpoise for his personal failures and his great political sorrow. In 1807 M. Necker died. It was then the business of M. de Bonstetten to endeavor to console his daughter. To such a task he had a proscriptive right, being at once her own and her father's oldest friend, and the companion whom Madame de Staél had most anxiously endeavored to secure for her tour in Germany. Bonstetten remembered Germaine a lively and impetuous child, and he found her in her bereavement full of the same passionate spirit, as she poured out her love for her father in alternate floods of tears, or bursts of tender and eloquent words. She would not remain at Coppet. "I will go to Italy," she told Bonstetten: "I will carry my burden there; in that land, I am told, people are partly able to forget their existence." God only knows," was Bonstetten's remark to Frederica Brin, "whether this creature would be happy had she all the world can give—this world is too narrow for such a fiery soul, and I fear that of the cup of love, she will drink nothing but the dregs and lees." Madame de Staél's great intellectual energy, if it served to intensify her feelings, was able to prevent her losing herself even in sorrow. When she did return to settle at Coppet, the house, lately one of mourning, became, "the despotism of Napoleon, the most brilliant spot upon the continent of Europe." French, German, and Danish authors brought their works to be discussed in her salons. Benjamin Constant fed her with the politics of the city she was forbidden to revisit, and Madame Krüdning entered the circle with her newly acquired mysticism, and with her piquant recollections of the past. Bonstetten remarked: "You hear more wit at Coppet in one day than you can hear in a year in other places. It is impossible to be cleverer than Schlegel, and his German-French is so witty, so cutting, and so droll, that every adversary is disarmed in ten minutes. Madame de Staél seems every day better and greater. But it is a misfortune to have so much talent. Mont Blanc is not more solitary in the world than she is." His brilliant hostess felt that truth deeply, and the loneliness which increased for her after her father's death, found vent that winter in the pages of "Corinne," the exceeding bitter cry by which she revealed that fame (to use her own words) is but a royal mourning, in purple, for happiness. Rome had charmed her as much as her "Corinne" had charmed the Romans. She wrote to Bonstetten from that eternal city:

"One learns to love Rome, but the feeling grows on me as if I were bewitched; the more so in my case that I have found no one among the Romans to whom my mind or spirit can turn, so for some time I have learned to live alone. William Humboldt (who begs to be remembered to you) the best company I have had here for the rest, I occupy myself entirely with the study of Rome. The prince of extraneous tediums, I get on better with the capitals, because, as they know something of government, their intellectual circle is a little enlarged, but what need has one of men when always with a loud voice?"

During the ten following years M. de Bonstetten lived in close friendship with this gifted and erratic woman. She passed through Geneva for the last time in 1816, and she would seem to have had some presentiment of her death, as she took an almost final leave of him. Their mutual friend,

Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin. By James Parton. 2 vols. Boston: Houghtaling Brothers.

The Pilgrim's Progress, from the University Press in Cambridge, is published by Sever & Francis, which may be cordially recommended to the friends of the lovers of elegant typography.

Books Received.

Life and Times of Aaron Burr. By James Parton. 2 vols. New York: Houghtaling Brothers.

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